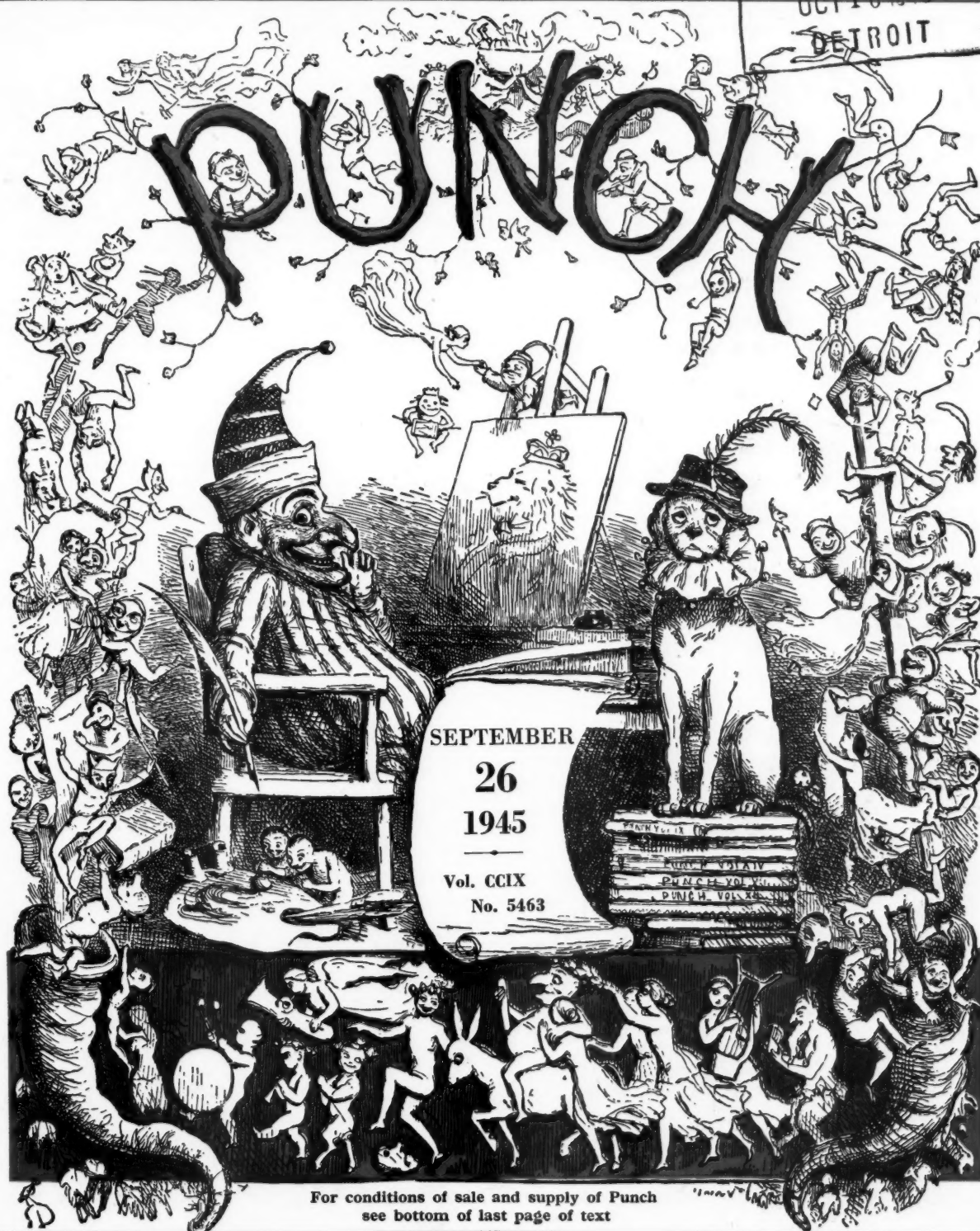


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MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

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OCT 16 1945
DETROIT**Imperial Typewriters****MADE IN
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Virol

its value and use

VIROL is a concentrated food prepared from Malt Extract, specially refined animal fats, eggs, sugars (including Glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts, vitamins, etc.

VIROL is a "balancing" food. It provides those essential food factors (not vitamins alone but also many others just as important) which are likely to be deficient in the rest of the diet.

VIROL is very palatable and easily digested. In infancy and childhood, in illness and convalescence, the growth-promoting and restorative properties of Virol are of proved value.

VIROL COMPLETES THE DIET



GOOD THINGS come by two and two —

Pierrette and Pierrot,
Bells and muffins, pork and beans,
Santa Claus and snow;
Breakfast and the latest news,
Journalists and scoops,
Steak and kidney, bed and board,
SYMINGTON'S AND SOUPS.

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH.

"Never has Barneys varied from its high standard."

"Dear Sirs,

23/6/44

My monthly shipment of Barneys Punchbowl sent to me by my brother in England has just arrived. I've told him a good many times how much I enjoy it, and the thought occurs to me that you, too, might be pleased to know it.

I've been smoking your tobacco for some years now, started the good habit in West Africa, managed to get it regularly even during some of the 'sticky' times in the Desert Campaigns, when a good smoke was one of the few pleasures we could enjoy. Then, when we were preparing for the Sicilian show and our kit was cut to the bone, I remembered some of those times and squeezed in an extra pound of Punchbowl 'just in case.' I was very glad I did, for that pound, with careful rationing, tided me over until supplies began to come through. Despite the rough handling and the long trips that some of my tobacco has made, I have yet to open a tin to find the tobacco in other than perfect condition.

I have heard with pity chaps complaining of the deterioration of cigarettes and tobacco during the war, and others bemoaning the non-arrival of parcels. On both these counts your firm has stood the test of what must have been a very difficult time. Never has Barneys varied from its high standard of excellence, never has one of my parcels gone astray, or been subjected to unusual delay.

Good show, may you long continue.

F/Lt. R.A.F., C.M.F."

The originals of all testimony letters may be inspected at the Barneys Bureau, 24, Holborn, E.C.4

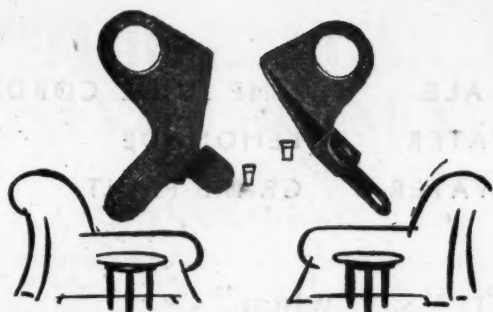
Barneys

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full). 2/9½d. oz.
(284) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-on-Tyne. ®

Sharp's
SPECIALISE
IN TOFFEE—

"I specialise in
**Sharp's
Toffee**"

"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"



"Here's to the next time"

In some new product you contemplate, in some improvement to a machine in production, there is certain to be a use for a new type of spring, perhaps never thought of before. We have been thinking, designing, and making springs for over forty years. There is a wealth of enterprise, experience and technical knowledge at your service.



THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD.
 ATTERCLIFFE RD. SHEFFIELD. 4

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By Appointment
 Biscuit & Vita-Weat
 Crispbread Manufacturers

MR. PEEK
 'For Vita-Weat
 this allocation'...



MR. FREAN... 'is not
 enough for HALF the
 nation!'

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits



Many Mores Ahead!

SENIOR'S
 FISH & MEAT PASTES

TRI-ANG TOYS

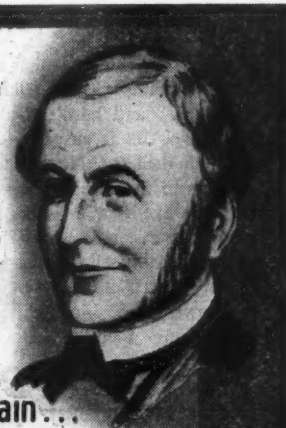
The bad and overpriced toys you have been forced to buy were not ours. We have been making guns, shells and aeroplanes, etc., during the war. Soon we hope to be permitted to restart making TRI-ANG TOYS.

LINES BROS. LTD., LONDON, S.W.19

Robinson & Cleaver
 FINE LINENS & HANDKERCHIEFS
 LONDON, BELFAST AND LIVERPOOL

*Write it in your heart
 that every day is the
 best day of the year.*

EMERSON
 (Society and Solitude)



Time and time again...

wise philosophy has dwelt upon the importance of the observance of time.

May we add that for positive accuracy in time keeping, day by day, year by year, the Ferranti Clock can have no superior.

FERRANTI LTD., Hollinwood, Lancs. London: Kern House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

FERRANTI
Clocks



**A RARE TREAT
 THESE DAYS**



No superlative could convey the truly delightful quality of VAMOUR. Skilful blending of the choice imported wines and Selected Herbs of which it is composed make VAMOUR the vermouth for the discriminating. Regrettably short supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate. Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.

VAMOUR
 THE True VERMOUTH

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 VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
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ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

Back soon, but we can't "say when"



*You can't take
this from me...*

She's so happy when being rubbed down with her soft, luxurious "Morning Joy" Towel that she never wants to part with it.

VANTONA Lowels

All the family like them for their absorbency and the softness that stays soft. Not easy to buy—demands of the Services must come first.

The range of VANTONA household Textiles also includes "Court" Bedcovers, Blankets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings—all bear the VANTONA Tab.

The VANTONA Household Advice Bureau is still at your service. It is daily answering many questions from house-proud readers.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD.,
PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER, 1.



What is wrong with this picture?

There's something peculiar about this office. Take the boss for example. He's talking into the earpiece of the receiver . . . and hasn't the instrument disappeared? His jacket too is suspect—men don't usually button theirs on the left. Next, take a look at those two open drawers in the foreground—a desk simply could not be made like that. Mistake No. 5?—no paper in the typewriter . . . and No. 6? . . . How did that box of Caley FORTUNE chocolates get there? Caley's aren't making FORTUNE now—not until they've a factory of their own again. Meanwhile good friends in the trade are making Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

CALEY CHOCOLATE



Remember
Spode
*A great Name
in good China*

MANUFACTURED by W. T. COPELAND & SONS, LTD.
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

⌚ warming up **then** cooling down ⌚



Many chills are caused by children getting hot and sticky rushing about, then cooling off too quickly. Wool Underwear is a sure protection which children need *all the year round*. Wool absorbs perspiration naturally without becoming damp, and then allows evaporation to take place so slowly that the body can cool down gradually.



Keep them **well** in

Issued by the
International
Wool Secretariat.

WOOL underwear

THREE NUNS SAVES MONEY

—because of its
SLOW-BURNING CUT

There are two special reasons why 'Three Nuns' Empire Blend Tobacco saves the smoker money. It is scientifically cut to burn slowly, each ounce lasts longer, you smoke fewer ounces a week. It is made from fine leaf which is favoured by the lower duty on Empire Tobacco. To enjoy the fullest pleasure of smoking at a moderate cost, take to 'Three Nuns' Empire Blend.



Three Nuns

EMPIRE BLEND

2/6½ AN OUNCE
'Cut for economy'

Also THREE NUNS
Original

AT 2/10½ AN OZ.
'The Vicar's Choice'

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your wife . your children
your future

by a PEARL WITH-
PROFITS ENDOWMENT
ASSURANCE. The
amount of the assurance
can be arranged to suit
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EXAMPLES OF BENEFITS		
FOR YOU—in (say) 20 years' time		
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" B—£ 1000		plus profits
" C—£10000		
FOR YOUR DEPENDANTS		
in the event of your earlier death		
Suggestion A—£ 100		cash pay-
" B—£ 1000		ment plus
" C—£10000		accrued
		profits
Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement		

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To PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £.....

With-Profits at age..... Date of Birth.....

Name
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Address

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VINEGAR
is best
for
pickling!



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BEST BOTTLED
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they measure both feet

For comfort's sake we take the trouble to measure both feet for Saxone Footprint
Fitting shoes. They have style and endurance because they are made by craftsmen

SAXONE CIVIL AND SERVICE SHOEMAKERS

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A. 14

Light up...
at less cost!



ROYAL
"EDISWAN"
LAMPS



THE EDISON SWAN
ELECTRIC CO. LTD.,
155 Charing Cross Rd.,
London, W.C.2

L.63



"Oh! East is East and West is West," sighs the poet, but all the same, civilizations old and new meet in according Minton China a gratifying welcome . . . The fact is, of course, that charm and beauty and perfection have laughed at all frontiers since man in his queer wisdom made them.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD. • STOKES-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793



CHILDREN have always liked the ease and comfort of Meridian and in these days of "Utility" there is no reason (except it be short supply) to deny them this pleasure.

MERIDIAN
UNDERWEAR

Though the children may get "extra" coupons, make the most of them by buying **MERIDIAN** Utility.

J. D. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1813. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

If "manners makyth man"—
so courteous service "makyth" a store

That's what I like
about Simpson's!



SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD. • 202 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 • REG. 2002

DUTY-FREE CIGARETTES For S.E.A.C. and ROYAL NAVY only

All Forces in S.E.A.C. Command which embraces Ceylon, India, Burma: also all H.M. Ships' Personnel on Active Commission		200	500	1,000
ROTHMANS NAVY CUT MEDIUM	...	5/3	12/9	24/-
ROTHMANS PALL MALL DE LUXE	...	7/3	17/9	34/-
ROTHMANS PALL MALL STANDARD MIXTURE			Half Pound	Pound
			5/9	10/9

As the largest mail-order cigarette manufacturers, Rothmans are exceptionally well equipped to send gift parcels to all members of the Forces overseas. High-grade blends, securely packed, at economical *duty-free* prices which include postage. All orders are acknowledged by our Head Office, and parcels are posted without delay. Ask at any Rothman shop for Duty-Free Order Form containing full details, or send a postcard to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H29), 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Rothman OF PALL MALL
the best-known tobacconist in the world





PUNCH

or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5463

September 26 1945

Charivaria

PRESSURE for demobilization speed-up is jolting Parliament so much that the recess may get pushed further back.

A correspondent says that included in his parcels from the laundry were three clerical collars. The extraordinary part of the story is that he is a clergyman and had sent three clerical collars to the laundry.

EARLY ENGLISH SECTION



In half a million years, says an article, all human beings will be bald. Some can already manage it in forty years or so.

Butchers are planning an "Institute of Meat." Their customers think it should be a museum.

Go Down the Mine, Daddy.

"Our coal allowance is decided by the Minister of Fuel and Pa."
Schoolgirl's essay on "Rations."

The fact that money will buy hardly anything on the Continent nowadays is at least an indication of how efficiently U.N.R.R.A. has succeeded in imposing British standards over there.

A correspondent who wanted to make a trunk call at a telephone kiosk found that there was no telephone book provided. It really didn't matter as he had forgotten to bring his ration-book, anyway.

America claims to have an atom bomb a hundred times as powerful as the two dropped on Japan. At any moment now we may expect the other planets to make black-out arrangements.



Another Hollywood actress has just become engaged. It is to be the first post-war secret wedding if the publicity agents can only arrange it in time.

Ensa chiefs are defending one another. Their patronage is of course of the purely complimentary kind.

There is such an acute shortage of golf-balls nowadays that lots of keen amateurs who can't get any are practising shots without using one; just as lots of them did, in fact, when they could.

One thing we would like to ask our meteorologists is this. If winter comes, how shall we know?



London is to be the permanent seat of the Big Five. Somehow it appeals to them as a convenient centre for getting away from places overrun with natives.

Vinegar is very scarce. A correspondent says, however, that he bought a bottle the other day complete with a most convincing sherry label.

H'm

"Two Reception Rooms, Cloakroom, Six Bedrooms (five hot and cold), Bathroom (hot and cold), Maids' Sitting Room Kitchen-Scullery and unusual Domestic Offices."—*Advt. in Hants paper.*

"The carrying of knives is foreign to the British character," said a magistrate recently. Although people in a queue sometimes wistfully think how nice it would be to fillet a brusque fishmonger.

Without a Title

DEAR uncle, unto whom we gave in pawn
The starlight and the prospect of the dawn,
And standing lonely, night long, did not sell
The barricades against the host of hell;
You smiled, benignant, when you made the loan,
And called the interest in part your own,
Then to the battered cause you counted right
Added at length your armaments and might,
And pooled in blood and gold the cosmic debt
That Honour cried for, and that Freedom met.

Those who have fought and died in common dust,
Shall little argue if the deal was just,
Nor know if earth's salvation might be paid
In terms of import nor of export trade;
They faced the darkness. But they left the price
To abler students of self-sacrifice,
And we, with books and pens, must legislate
About the winding-up of their estate,
And say which heirs must now in comfort live,
What recompense exact, and what forgive,
Till wrangling leaves small memory behind
Of those who nothing saved except mankind.

Look, kindly uncle, therefore if you please,
On liberty's less affluent legatees,
Lest they should say that those who lifted first
And held the torch alight, have fared the worst.
EVOE.

News from Czechoslovakia

MY DEAR MOTHER,—This has been rather an alarming week.

The Czech officer who has been acting as my guide (he has the fine old English name of Vaclav, which means Wenceslas) is very energetic and enterprising, and on Monday, when we were in the middle of the country, so it seemed, he stopped the car and said "Have you ever seen a camp for Displaced Persons?"

I said "Yes, many hundreds," which is no more than the truth, and he said "This is a special one. It is for people who are not wanting to be sent home," and he went on to list the nationalities who had settled in this camp until it seemed that all Europe had some representative there. It was a grim catalogue.

As he talked he turned off the main road and drove down a lane to some fields by a river where the camp was.

A camp is an elastic term. If the word conveys to you regular lines of huts or tents, please forget that picture. This was a prehistoric camp—fields dotted with small erections of every kind of material in every possible square yard or so. Some were merely holes covered with a few branches, others were a little more elaborate and boasted some sort of material in their construction. It was a fine warm day. It was better not to imagine what the place would be like in the rain. The area still seemed full of men in every variety of costume, and lack of it, which made Vaclav's remark that most of them had been shipped away very difficult to credit. But there they were, the people that Europe does not know what to do with.

The camp was supervised by a squad of American soldiers, but Vaclav, who has a kind of natural twist against doing

things through the usual channels, said it would be better if we left the car where it was and walked straight into the camp. So we did that, and drifted further and further in, Vaclav greeting the inmates with a variety of languages. Unfortunately I found none who spoke English or the curious French dialect that I learnt at school, so I just hung about in the background, smiling amiably and, no doubt, inanely. Finally I decided that it was too hot to walk any more, and I lay down a few yards away from a small group of men, took off my battledress blouse, and can only assume that I went off to sleep.

I was awakened by an American soldier saying "Come on" in the tone of a man who doesn't expect to be understood. I looked up. A group of men were lining up, grasping the spirit of the order if not the words, and I watched with interest until it became clear that the American soldier expected me to join them.

I smiled and said I was a British officer.

He smiled back, in not quite so pleasant a way, and said, "Oh, yeah! You're some hundreds of miles out for that story, kid. Come on, get going."

I looked round for my blouse. It had disappeared, and with it my papers and rank badges, in short, with my whole identity.

I started to explain again, but he cut me short.

"Skip it," he said. "A guy tried that last week. Do you think a British officer wears pants like that?"

He had, unfortunately, touched on another weak spot. Long periods of wearing my better suit at an office desk had given the moths undisturbed access to that particular pair of trousers, an opportunity they had not wasted. Also I had spent some time that morning lying on the road changing a wheel of the car. It was only too true. No British officer willingly looked as I did. In those trousers I not only did not look like an officer, I looked like a Displaced Person who had been very unlucky in the question of clothes. I decided to reserve any further protests until we came near an officer.

I was not really worried until I failed completely with the American captain. There was no sign of Vaclav. There was no sign of any car (naturally we had not left that in full view). I had not come past any of their guards. I had no papers. I looked like a Displaced Person. I had, apparently, been asleep in that section of the camp reserved for Lithuanians who were due to go on to Germany that day. There were moments, in fact, when I myself really began to doubt who I was. The American officer had no doubt. I was a Lithuanian who spoke with a very phoney English accent, and for some reason I was trying to dodge the column. He was there to see that Lithuanians did not dodge the column. So on the truck I went.

I gathered that we should drive non-stop to some unspecified destination in Western Germany and that there we should go into another camp. And there we should stay, maybe for months, maybe for ever. The whole thing had a kind of nightmare quality. It all seemed so reasonable, and yet I wasn't a Lithuanian. At least, I thought not.

You may laugh, but how would you prove that you weren't a Lithuanian if you had no papers and had been found where everybody believed only Lithuanians to be?

Ten minutes after that I was driven out of the camp in a truck containing forty other Lithuanians (apparently genuine) as well as myself.

Anyhow, I will describe in my next letter how I escaped from the salt mines (or whatever it would have been) and made my way back to freedom.

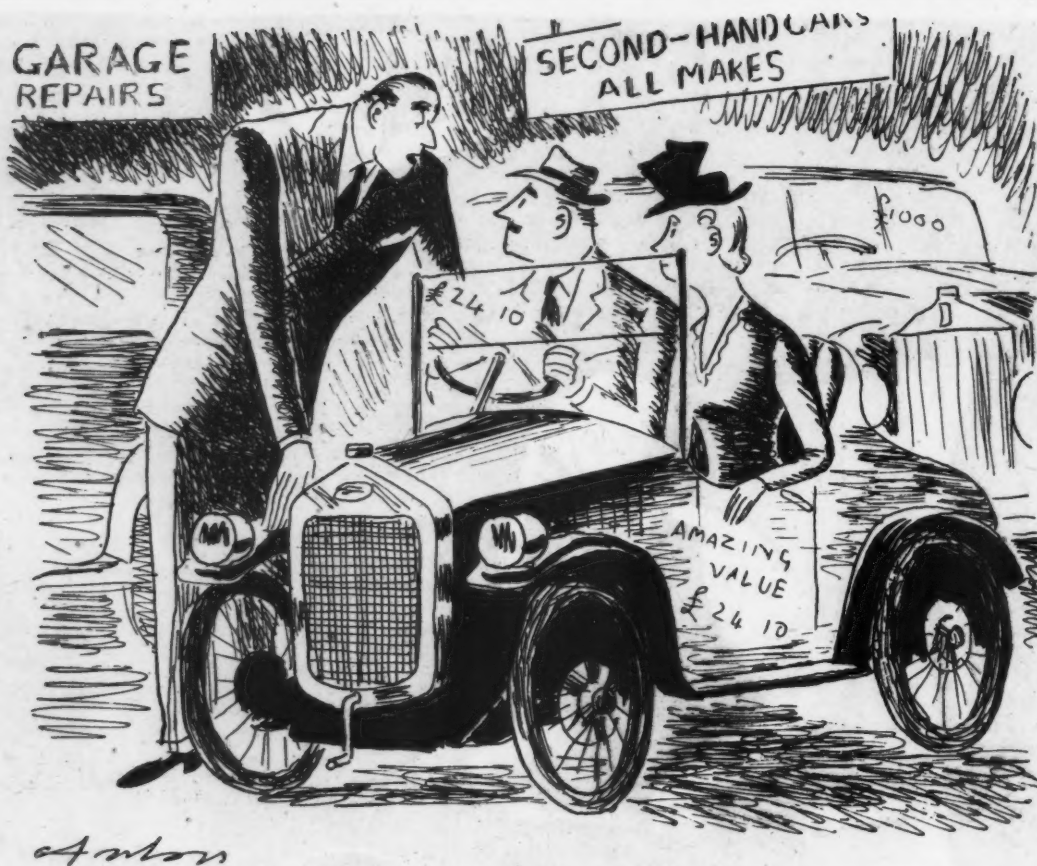
The bar in the mess has just opened and I am still drinking medicinally, so the doctor believes.

Your loving son HAROLD.



DUE FOR DELIVERY

"Get ready. It may be coming any time now."



"Now don't go expecting any miracles."

Labour-Saving in the Office

ALL those silly bits of paper in the sunshine the day peace broke out reminded the Works Manager of snow in Switzerland and he started planning winter sports there again next spring, because of course he never got his 1939 summer holiday he was saving up for 1940. But it made Doris and me mad to see all that paper wasted that ought to have gone for salvage and us not allowed to throw a bus ticket away, though I will say I wouldn't have minded adding a few old envelopes to it myself with three thicknesses of labels you can peel off like wallpaper, and I did go as far as getting a new packet out, though you can't really believe it and still go on talking about when the war's over like the way you can't stop yourself saying thank you to TIM.

And I must say I can't see what all the fuss is about about the new Government because they're exactly like the old one and the minute they think you're getting a bit cheerful about anything, down they come on you like a ton of bricks every night on the wireless and don't you go thinking things are going to be any better now Japan's out because they're not.

We got ourselves into a bit of a jam that Friday night because Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service had just bought the plums she'd been saving her sugar for, hoping to get her weight down a bit as well, and we'd all promised to give her a hand. Still, as Doris said, after all they were *Victoria* plums. Anyway, she started stoning them and cracking the kernels to put in. Only when we came to taste the

jam, we found she'd thrown the kernels away in all the excitement and put the cracked stones in instead, so now it's all going to be made into Victory Jelly as soon as we've recovered from V-J.

Ever since the celebrations we've been busy going through export lists and indexes, and I must say I wish some of these firms went in for labour-saving names. A date's bad enough in the middle of John Smith and Co. (1918) Ltd., and John Smith and Co. (Maesycrugiau) Ltd., is worse still, seeing none of them ever live in places like Ely or Deal, but when it comes to John Smith and Co. ("Easie-to-Ware" Undaware) Ltd., and brackets and quotes and hyphens, your shift key's jumping up and down till it's as bad as the sirens and all-clears that first

summer when Doris and I used to look at each other and wonder was there a raid on or not and any good popping round to the post office or would they be closed still.

And then just look at the initials everywhere. I've got nothing against initials if you can remember what they stand for, and of course P.C.R.C.A. is quicker than PICKLED COLD ROLLED AND CLOSE ANNEALED, but I often think it's a good thing for the U.S.A. they're not just coming into the news for the first time or they'd certainly be called Ooza all in one word.

Meanwhile Mr. Head's here, there and everywhere. Tells me to ask old Thompson for a catalogue, and he's off to the new factory before I can ask him whether he's got a "p" or not, and then I have to stop and dictate a letter to Doris: "Messrs. Jones and Robinson, Ltd., For the Kind Attention of Mr. Thompson (better put a 'p' in) unless you can get hold of his initials, Dear sir, We are writing with a view to ascertaining whether a copy of your latest catalogue is still available at the present moment and if so whether you would be kind enough to forward us a copy at your earliest convenience—paragraph—as soon as we have had an opportunity of perusing same we shall have much pleasure in communicating further with your goodselves in due course and in the meantime thanking them in anticipation of the favour of their reply we beg to remain theirs faithfully per pro" before I can get back to ticking off my specifications and the postage book and Willie, because you can't let the office boy think he can get away with anything just because there's a peace on.

Doris had been going to spend her second week's holiday on the land digging potatoes, but now she's all at sea because she doesn't want to go and miss any processions or things. She says all this queueing up for trains doesn't go far enough, because you can be quite well up in the queue and yet never get near a seat because the people on the platform rush so, and she thinks it would be a good idea if a queue stayed a queue right up to the engine, and then they could pack it in neatly ten to a carriage and five standing.

But when I go off I'm going to get to the station that night five minutes before the last train of the day, because, if you notice, all the railway companies are always boasting that nobody's ever been left behind, so it's up to them to find me a place.

Just before the war was over and we weren't quite so busy I had an after-

noon off to see Mr. Head's roses at the Horticultural Hall and I must say they were lovely but I never saw such vegetables. I wouldn't have minded queueing for some of them myself, and I thought of Willie's sister's vegetarian she's going to marry when the war's over. Onions like those chubby wine-bottles in Old Compton Street and one of them would last a family a week, and if ever I have to go into hospital I hope it's the Northampton when you saw the stuff they grow.

As for the fruit, I've never seen anything like it since their last show, and you think of the stuff we're so grateful for. . . But what I just couldn't take my eyes off was the research apple pies with a helping taken out to show you what they looked like inside, and the apples' initials worked in pastry and looking like a cannibals' birthday party labelled REV. WILKS COOKED FOR 38 MINUTES and ARTHUR TURNER COOKED FOR 44 MINUTES.

It quite took me back to another office I was in in Covent Garden and they had slogans all over their letter

heads to get people fruit-minded, as if any need to, not like vegetables, and we had a grower in Portugal who always addressed our letters to "Illustrious Gents Eat More Fruit."

The Lark

THE Lark, Hark, Hark,
Is in the air,
Ascending like a spiral stair.
Although he much prefers the ground
This trick of flying round and round
Upsets his *savoir faire*,
And when he reaches heaven's gate,
He doesn't know the time or date,
Or what he's doing there.

The Lark could have a clearer head
By spending much more time in bed.

Domesday

"The war ended only just in tome, he said."—Evening paper.



At the Pictures

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Of the six or seven new films this time there isn't one that seems to me outstanding enough to deserve a long notice; but of course we must begin with something. Light-mindedly ignoring the earnest "serious" efforts, I begin with *Duffy's Tavern* (Director: HAL WALKER) because a course of listening to the radio show of that name (in the good old days when listeners who wanted a comparatively intelligent lowbrow laugh could quite often get one, by tuning in to the A.E.F.P.) gave me a taste for its personalities, and particularly for the skilfully-delivered Malapropisms of Archie (ED. GARDNER), who can here be seen as well as heard delivering them. As a film this piece is negligible; basically it is one of the radio half-hours blown out to feature length by the appearance of about a dozen more "guest stars" than usual, most of whom appear in a succession of little variety "black-out" sketches. What with these, and the in-the-family allusiveness common to so many Paramount comedies, the film offers a sort of Hollywood equivalent of a Green Room Rag. As such—if you don't invariably insist, in all circumstances, on a credible plot and reasonable characters—*Duffy's Tavern* is an efficient and often amusing time-waster.

Next in line, for no particular reason, comes *Roughly Speaking* (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ). The main trouble with this is that it's too long; its main merit is a good deal of entertaining dialogue, which without being subtle or profoundly witty or epigrammatic is so expertly timed and woven into its scenes as to make many of them crackle with fun. The story is based on an autobiographical book, and traces the life of an American girl (ROSALIND RUSSELL) from her childhood in the early nineteen-

hundreds to just after Pearl Harbour; and—unusually for one of these family "sagas"—it has a point apart from the mere passage of time. This is obvious enough, and depends indirectly on Hollywood's favourite ethical proposition (*Having fun is better than anything else*), but at least it is a point of

character. The heroine's first marriage breaks up mainly because her husband at last finds her optimistic exuberance intolerable; left with several children, she marries a man as tirelessly energetic and cheerful as she is, and the implication is that from then on, though there are pronounced ups and downs, all is well. The second husband is JACK CARSON; it is a pleasure to recognize his merits in a good part. He has for too long been "typed" as the bone-headed - football - player comic.

I have also seen *One Against Seven*, *Perfect Strangers* and *Dead of Night*, all of which have attributes of interest without being compelling. *One Against Seven* (Director: ZOLTAN KORDA) has PAUL MUNI acting very hard as a simple Russian sailor; I recognized that he was acting very hard, but I admit that he nearly succeeded in making me see him as a simple Russian sailor, and the picture (which concentrates on a single situation: this sailor is entombed by an explosion with seven of his German enemies, for days)

provides quite a bit of well-managed suspense and excitement. *Perfect Strangers* (Director: ALEXANDER KORDA) I should like to be able to approve of, but one can't fail to recognize that this story of a suburban pair of colourless, unhealthy nobodies who are radically changed and made "perfect strangers" (and therefore interesting) to each other by three years in the Navy is altogether too easy and symmetrical to be convincing. *Dead of Night* has four directors: CAVALCANTI, CHARLES CRICHTON, BASIL DEARDEN and ROBERT HAMER. It is a collection of episodes each of which is somehow based on the supernatural, the main thread also having touches of nightmare. Of its artificial kind, this is quite good and well done, but its incoherence I found irritating. (I agree, *Duffy's Tavern* is not either convincing or coherent; the difference is that these two British films obviously try to be both.) R. M.



"THE PAINTERS" IN

Archie ED. GARDNER
O'Malley VICTOR MOORE



GRINNING THRO'

Louise ROSALIND RUSSELL
Harold JACK CARSON

Disloyalty

A FEW days after the Commander gave me permission to grow, I began to notice that there was something wrong with the colour of my beard. Just because the hair on top of my head is sandy I didn't expect my beard to be the same of course. Lots of people have fair hair and dark beards, or any other combination, which is a sign of mixed race . . . and therefore soothing or annoying, depending on whether you have always boasted about hybrid vigour or racial purity. But I was not prepared for what I saw. Not only were some hairs pink and some black and some white, but they arranged themselves in patterns and solid blocks of colour, so that my moustache was reddish, my central chin white, and my outer chin black. The effect, needless to say, was astounding. In fact, it was so astonishing that I do not expect you to believe me. Well, all I can say is "So help me," and invite you to come and see for yourself if I ever grow another and if you happen to be interested in natural history or horror and mystery. And bring the kiddies, too; it's sensational, it's educational.

Even the Commander noticed it yesterday, and if he notices a thing you can bet that it is not only so, but has been so for a long time. He stared at me with that intelligent air which brought him his third stripe and remarked (with the cocksureness that may never bring him a fourth stripe): "You're a blasted freak."

I agreed. Truth is a thing that I will keep until that day on which I creep into my sepulchre, as the poet sings, or whatever he *does* sing.

"Why didn't you discover this before?" said the Commander.

I said I had never had a chance to grow a beard before, having been engaged to a series of damsels who were conscientious objectors to beards. The series now being discontinued, I was free to try my luck.

"Luck!" said he. "You did it on purpose. I have heard luck blamed for a good many things, but not red, white, and black beards. No, man, this is skill . . . skill of the most abominable sort. Four hundred years ago you'd have been burnt for it. In fact, if the German war was still on, you could be shot for it to-day."

I asked him to explain. *You ought to be shot* is a very different thing from *you could be shot*.

"Why," he said, "spies are shot. And you'd have made the perfect spy."



"There, I told you we were in the wrong train—here's one that's EMPTY!"

"Spies are unremarkable men, sir," I said. "They leave a grey impression on you or no impression at all. Good heavens, sir, they don't go round in any beard, let alone a unique one, drawing attention to themselves."

"Ah, that would be the crafty thing about it all," he said. "They'd never suspect a man who went round in a beard. But don't you see? You'd be under German colours, red, white, and black. And nobody could say they were false colours, either, growing on you like that. You'd be the most popular man in Germany. However, you're wasted now."

I said I was sorry. "Sorry?" he said. "You should be ashamed. I gave you permission to grow that thing, did I?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"No, I didn't. I said a beard, not a hanging garden. There was no mention of your type of work in our little contract. So off it must come. Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done . . . too little and too late . . . off, off, you lendings. But look here, don't get out of practice. We might need it again some day. And I'll let you grow one for the Peace Parade (if we have one) on one condition."

I asked what it was.

"Make it red, white, and blue next time," he said. "Try to be more loyal."

I protested that only Bluebeard could do that.

"It was you, not I, who suggested this Bluebeard stuff," he said. "You and your long series of fiancées!"



"Look, dear—THIS is the part I make now."

Maori Song

A MAORI is singing in Cambridge Square,
Which is a lonely thing to do.
He sits on the hostel steps in the soft night air,
His voice is young and true.

So plaintive and pitiful is his song,
The whole Square trembles and is dumb;
Even the Americans who saunter along
Rest their jaws on their gum.

Quiet as the far stars the Square holds its breath,
Caught in a moment of dismay,
Remembering that parting is a little death,
And home so far away.

Young man, if there were flowers now growing
In the barren beds of the Square,
We would pick all the loveliest ones a-blowing,
And bind them in your hair.

We would send you back with a hero's crown,
Garnered from over the railing;
Sad Maori boy, singing a sad song in a strange town,
Heaven speed your sailing.

V. G.

Our Open Forum

XXI—A Ministry of Fashion?

Mr. Angel Masterdon, who makes this preconceived contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction, has marked affinities and lofty ambitions. He is a past president of the Society for the Prevention of Sub-Aerial Erosion and Chairman of "Ursc" (the Union of Rabid Socialist Committees). Asked about his political views, Mr. Masterdon said: "I like Oole Porter, the comfortable smell of friendly fingers, those quaint filigree things you sometimes see on the insides of eighteenth-century whajamacallits and 'Cargoes' by John Masefield." Our contributor had two novels banned in 1937 and a small brochure expurgated in 1940. Mr. Masterdon lives quietly with his family and some people called Winkelott in a desirable old residence near Malvern. The Winkelotts, who hail from Bury, live in the timbered half and share all gardening expenses and produce.

AT first sight, friends, it may seem strange that I should try to link such apparently unrelated topics as fashion and economics. But if you will pause to think for a moment . . . there, now, that's quite enough—you will realize that the two have very much in common. They are, in fact, just two parts of the wider study of Man.

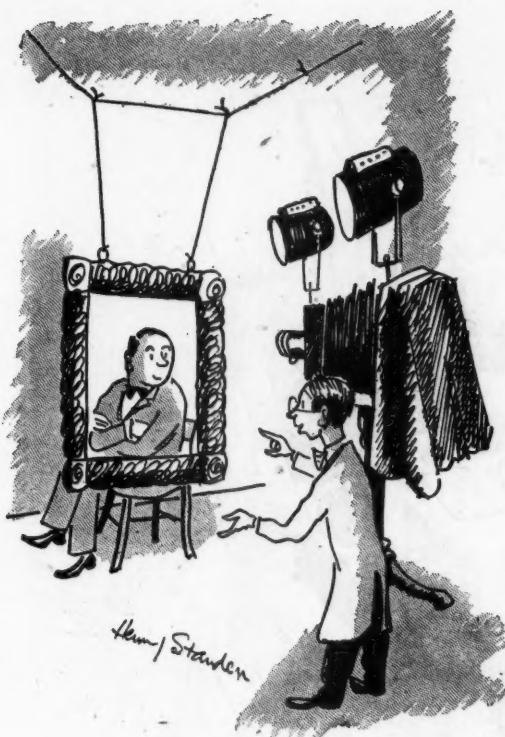
We cannot go far to-day without running our heads into the mysteries and vagaries of fashion. Take this waistcoat that I am wearing. I wear it, in spite of the great heat, because to expose one's braces is considered unfashionable. You will observe, too, that the bottom button of the garment is unfastened. Fashion again. It matters little whether the device was intended, originally, to kill any suspicion of a dickey-front by the exhibition of a length of lower shirting* or whether the supernumerary button was foisted on the public by a Liberal Government anxious to provide employment for redundant workers. What does matter is that we are all in it up to our necks. I may return to waistcoats later on in this contribution.

We are concerned here with fashion from another angle, I think. We are anxious that British exports should thrive. This they will not do until our merchandise is fashionable. Now one school of thought maintains that we should stand still in the matter of design and wait for the fashions to come round again. This view seems hopelessly defeatist. Do its advocates realize that the cycle in fashions is something like seventeen years? What, I should like to know, are we to live on in the meantime? No, the facts must be faced. Overseas customers will not buy British goods however durable, comfortable, reasonable and sensible (or, alternatively, however sheer, flattering, sophisticated or ineffably lovely) they may be unless they are also well and truly fashionable.

In some lines of course we are fairly safe. Men's clothing, for example. In Hollywood, Cannes, Delhi and Long-champs, British tailoring is the tailoring. We men have a terrific responsibility here. Does Smith or Brown realize, I wonder, that overseas buyers and ideas-men are studying his every move and gesture as he journeys to and from the City? A few hurried or careless breakfasts may be enough to set Hollywood thinking in terms of spotted waistcoats. His decision to take home some bulky memorandum may set in motion a chain of reasoning that will give next year's jacket a "generous" line of stalwart masculinity. Do we males *always* discharge our duties to the national economy as faithfully as possible?

I believe that what men can do for tailoring could be

*Hablett's theory.



"Think of the money you'll save on frames."

done for all British industries. But how? I will make a number of suggestions.

1. We might put the British clock forward two or three years. Then we should be right bang up to date. Our 1948 or '49 models would be on the markets when other nations were still issuing 1947 models in 1946. This would be a tremendous advantage. Of course there would be powerful opposition from the farmers, but the Government would almost certainly welcome so swift a passage of the next few years.

2. We might go back each year to the previous year's fashions. In this way we should meet our competitors halfway round the cycle and instead of lagging behind continually our fashions would be either very advanced or dreadfully *passé*. British trade would thus be given a fifty-fifty chance of success at least.

3. In the past we have sometimes induced leading personalities of stage and screen to popularize our branded goods. But in the modern world of social revolution the stage and screen count for little. If we could get the economists and statisticians to lend their names to British advertising the results might be most impressive. How about this:

Seventeen out of every twenty economists use
EYE-WASH, THE PERFECT LOTION.

Can you imagine the response?

Well, I have had my say. But you, friends, must go on talking. You must talk about fashion until it hurts. Somehow you must find a way to make fashion a great invisible export.

HOD.

Food for Thought

AN interesting case is now being considered by officials of the Ministry of Food. A hot-potato vender named J. Parsloe has applied for permission to make certain extra charges during the forthcoming winter. This Parsloe specializes in attending theatre queues, and claims that since he wheels his barrow along the queue and customers don't have to get off their seats, he is entitled to make a service charge. Moreover, having made business overtures to a trombonist and a man with a cornet, he thinks he can legally add something on for a band; and since another associate is a gentleman who tears up paper, he intends to make a charge for cabaret.

At first sight it would appear that all these extra charges would make it very difficult for J. Parsloe to sell his potatoes at all. But he points out in his memorandum that he intends to follow the usual restaurateur practice. That is, he will bawl out "Hot Potatoes. Twopence for Hot Potatoes," and only when the potato has changed hands and been partly eaten will he reveal that although the potato costs only twopence, there is threepence for service, sixpence for the band, and ninepence for the cabaret, making in all one shilling and eightpence.

It seems that J. Parsloe has everything under control.

"Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Miss Marda Vanne have returned to Pretoria after their four-month tour with 'The Merry Wives'—in a glow of success, but tired and needing a holiday.

"It wasn't easy going," says Miss Ffrangcon-Davies, "but it was worth it. The reception was most encouraging. It was really extraordinarily successful—more so than one would have thought."

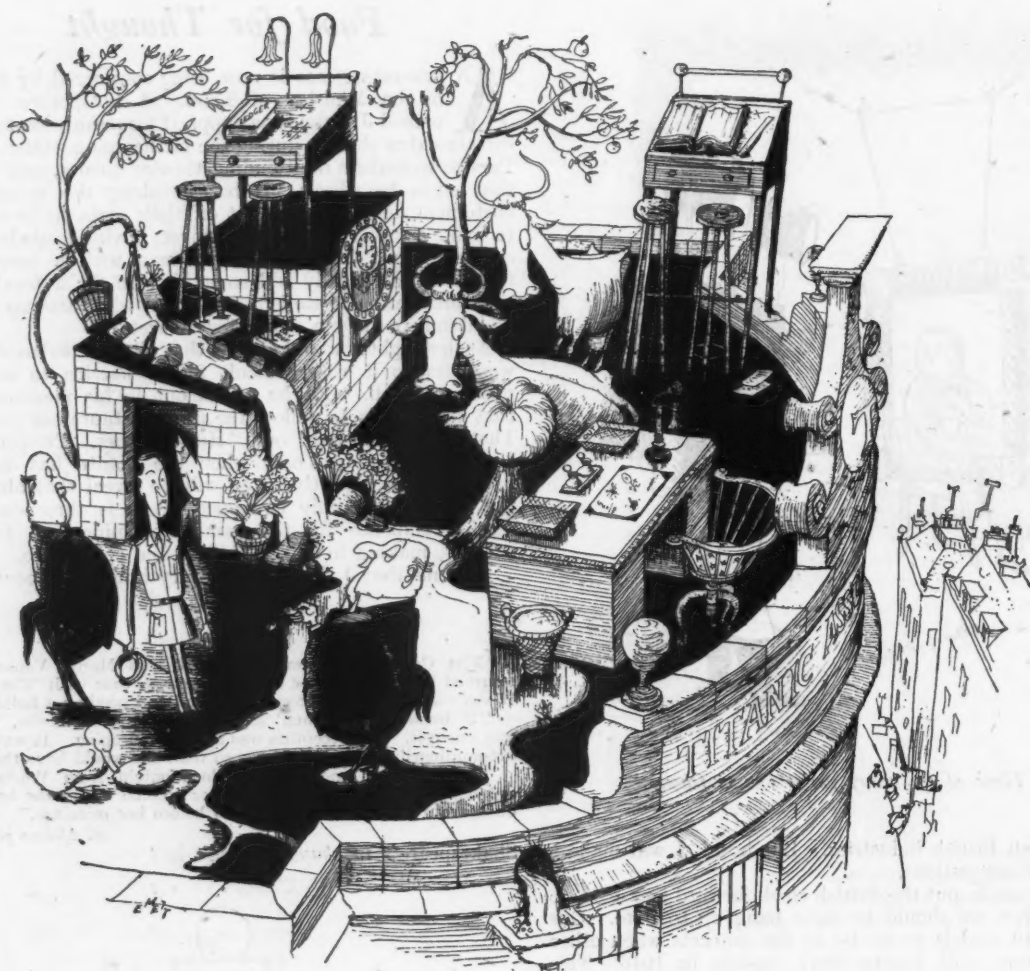
"Lady Duncan motored to Bloemfontein from Westminster especially to see the play, and in her opinion it was the best Soil Conservation Service for five years before her marriage."

S. African paper.

Shakespeare's *inexhaustible*, isn't he?



"I go out with the twenty-sixes."



"... and we realize that most of you people being demobilized will be looking for outdoor jobs."

In the Wash

MOST worthy Bill, it may have caught your eye
That our wise governors—whom heaven bless—
Mean to enlarge a liberal supply
Of alcohol to laundries. Marry, yes.

As for the cause we can but darkly grope;
To stiffen starch, which nowadays is weak,
For softening water or enriching soap,
Or as a stingo to the staff's physique,

We may not learn, nor does it matter much.
If, by this revolution, they provide
A swift improvement on our shirts and such,
That's to the good. But there's another side.

No bibber I, and Bill, no toper you;
For health alone we drain a shallow cup.
Scant is our tonic and our bottles few,
Hardly enough, in fact, to buck us up.

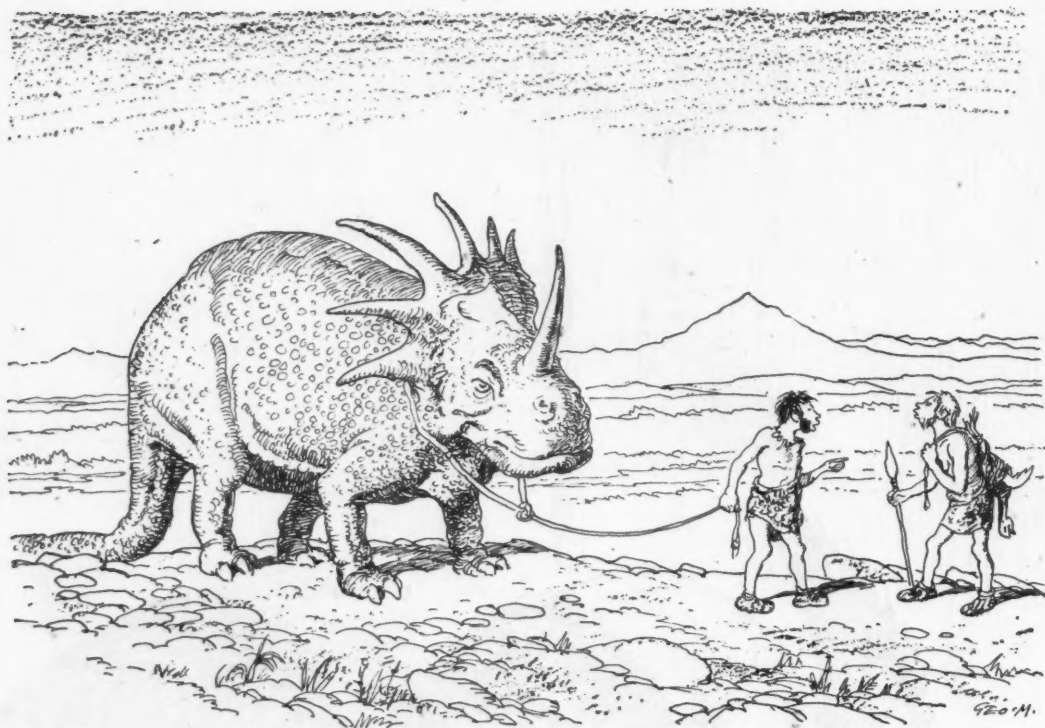
If then our meagre joys, already small,
Be rendered thinner yet and smaller still,
I say I am not for it, dash it all;
Nor, if I know your heart, will you be, Bill.

There may be virtue in it, that I feel;
Some trifling benefit I freely grant;
But let them hold their soap-and-watery zeal
And not start monkeying with our stimulant.
DUM-DUM.



THREE WORLDS

"It seems to make conversation so difficult."



"The problem now is to harness it for civilian use."

The Racing Calendar

IN the Spring of 1948 a remarkable horse-race will be run at Epsom. In this race there may be two hundred and ninety-seven runners—all two years old. I cannot tell you the names of any of the horses; for, indeed, they are not born yet, and have no names. But I can tell you the names of their fathers and mothers.

One, for example, will be the son (or daughter) of Casanova and Society Lady; another the child of Casanova and Mrs. Pumpkin; a third of Casanova and The Drone. Casanova, if all goes well, will have six children in this great race. But Colombo will have nine. And Nearco (a Wop horse, if I remember rightly) will have seventeen.

Nearco is going to marry Stephenson, Lady Betty, Kong, Sol D'Or, Rattoo, Mirth, Dodoma, Solebay, Axle, Atmosphere, Mysstre, Cinnamon, Lavinia, Speckle, Bouquet, Red Garter, and Booklet.

Colombo is going to marry Glad House, Ubola, Sultan Mahal, Trivia, Little B., Lost At Sea, Wye Valley, Flinders, and Air Raid.

Fun Fair is going to marry Divine Lady (which should produce a good goer—name? what about Bacchus?), Diplomat is going to marry Fancy, a charming couple; and Orthodox is going to mate with Dignity.

The two hundred and ninety-seven young horses will run five furlongs, as fast as the little things can. The stakes will be 1 sov. each, 10 sov. extra if not struck out by the third Tuesday in October 1947, and 10 sov. in addition if not struck out by the last Tuesday in March 1948, with 200 sov. added; the breeder of the winner to receive 100 sov., the owner of the second to receive 20 per cent. and of the third 10 per cent. of the whole stakes. The race will be called the Epsom Stud Produce Stakes (Eleventh Renewal).

Now how do I know all this? How do I look so far and confidently ahead, two-and-a-half years into the future? Do I do it by the stars? Am I joining the hebdomadal astrologers? No.

I belong to a club which takes in that admirable organ the *Racing Calendar*, published for the Jockey

Club. And when I say admirable, I mean admirable. It is well printed on fine, strong paper—twelve pages, 20 inches by 13. It is full of elaborate lists of names, of figures, of weights and dates. I have never detected a misprint or error (though it may well be that I do not know enough for that). I have never, during the late war, detected a single sign of faltering or fumbling through "war-conditions," or, indeed, a single sign of confession that His Majesty was engaged in a war with anyone.

Well, perhaps I go too far. I read in the issue of June 7th, 1945:

"It must be realized that altered circumstances may necessitate the abandonment of Fixtures even at the shortest notice."

Again, under Ascot, June Meeting, 1945, I read:

"Stabling—Trainers are advised that they must make their own arrangements."

It may well be that the expert would here detect some falling-off from the

good old days. It may even be that in "altered circumstances" there may be some covert reference to the Great War, that tiresome interruption. But certainly I have discovered no overt mention of the event.

And this has sustained me much and often. This paper is all about horses—their fathers, their mothers, their ages and handicaps, their owners, their trainers, their riders, their stable lads, their forage, and their future engagements. On many a dark evening, snatching a meal between blitzes, crises, votes of censure, invasions, or doodlebugs, I have picked up this massive and single-minded publication and found much comfort in it.

It is all about horses—not horses to-day or to-morrow, merely; but horses next year, and the following year, and the year after that! Europe might be crumbling—the enemy at Calais—Singapore gone—the Government in trouble—the Wops at Alexandria—enormous missiles exploding down the street—the stuffed fish falling into the soup. Members might mutter that this war would mean the end of civilization; others, outside, would hiss that the Tories were not "forward-looking" and had no "plans"; all might wonder where the next meal was coming from, and whether, indeed, they would see another day. There, in that little club, the stoutest heart might question the continuity of life, the survival of old things, the return of tranquillity and peaceful dalliance.

But not if he looked at the *Racing Calendar*! For there, in 1940, when the Germans were to come, he could read an elegant list of the horses that were to run at Windsor in the Spring of 1941, with all their owners' names, and handicaps—and the horses that were to run at Newmarket in June 1942—and, I expect (though I have no 1940 number before me) particulars of the Epsom Produce Stakes for 1943. If the Ministry of Information knew their business (and I believe they did) they must have sent every copy of this paper to Hitler. And how it must have annoyed him—the presumptuous English, with their cities crumbling over their heads, solemnly announcing in good print on good paper what horses were to run in what races two, three years after he had occupied the country.

"Plans"! "Confidence"! "Continuity"! Not even our present Ministers, who have planned and prophesied so much, have dared to look so far ahead. Not even Mr. Churchill's speeches have expressed our confidence more surely, or snubbed the conquering foe with more severity.

And so I wish good luck to all the two hundred and ninety-seven little unborn horses who propose to run in the Eleventh Renewal of the Epsom Stud Produce Stakes at the Epsom Spring Meeting, 1948, (a) if they are born and (b) if they are not struck out. And I have a good mind to add 1 sov. on my own.

It may be too early to risk a bet on this event; but if not, I should like to put something each way on the "produce" of Lovely Woman and Admiral's Walk, the name of which, perhaps, should be Midshipmite.

Anyway, the toast is "The *Racing Calendar*!"
A. P. H.

Happy Birthday

ALAS! the holidays are over. We are on our way home. All are sad except my youngest daughter. She does not understand that we are going home.

My youngest daughter sits beside me in her little chair. It is her second birthday. I try to amuse her. I sing to her. She dislikes my singing. I tell her a story. She does not believe it. I ask her a few simple questions. It seems, however, that they are not simple enough. She says that I am a dear little teeny baby bear. She says she does not like me. She insists that the car has come from India and is going to blazes.

In the back of the car is an untidy heap. The upper portion consists of my two eldest daughters. The base

of the heap is my wife. My second daughter is asleep. My eldest daughter is awake and kicking. My wife is awake.

Luckily I am able to avert my eyes from this sordid scene.

My wife orders me to stop the car. She says we must have a drink. In a few moments a selection of unpleasant liquids appears on the bonnet of the car. My eldest daughter complains with justice that her throat medicine is "truly disgusting." So is my mixture of Welsh tea and boiled milk. But I do not complain. One false move and I shall be sent to the back of the car while my wife drives. I know the signs.

Off again. My second and third daughters are now in front with me. My second daughter at once goes to sleep. At the same moment my youngest daughter invents a new game—*Catching Lorries*. It is an easy game to learn. I soon pick it up.

My eldest daughter still cannot play her favourite game of quarrelling with my second daughter. It takes two to play at that game. Instead, she picks a quarrel with her mother. She loses. As a punishment she is told to work out in her head how far we have travelled to-day. The beauty of this game is that by the time she has subtracted 326 from 373 the answer becomes irrelevant (as well as wrong) and she has to start again.

My youngest daughter is suffering from an acute lorry famine. A heap of stones by the roadside diverts her attention. At the seaside we found that a few million pebbles were always enough to keep her happy. But I refuse to stop for the stones. She is annoyed. Father is a very naughty girl. In fact he is a naughty girl. I am downcast.

Ah! Another lorry to catch. But this lorry is not so easy. It is travelling fast. I push down the accelerator. My youngest daughter encourages me with shrill cries. My second daughter wakes and joins in. I estimate that by the time we overtake the lorry our meter will read 387.8. It actually reads 387.3. This error of judgment profoundly shocks my second daughter. She says she will try to get some more sleep. She says there is food in sleep. If so she is soon having a hearty meal.

My eldest daughter says that I never guess anything right and never will until I get three or four more brains. But my youngest daughter is satisfied. We have passed the lorry. She can see two more lorries in front. And while there are lorries to catch what matter if there is to be no more sea?



"Two years of age, six months' service—that makes us about Group 500."

The Stork's Nest

HARRIS is one of those types who go round with a camera. In the R.A.F. he is known as "Bomber" Harris, just to distinguish him from the Air Chief Marshal. In actual fact he is an Education officer, and like most Education officers on the continent is at present engaged in building an E.V.T. centre. This involves frequent trips round the countryside in search of labour and equipment, but because he can't speak German he usually persuades me to go with him.

Now I don't mind acting as interpreter while Harris states his requirements to the *Bürgermeister* or the

Landrat, but the secondary purpose of these outings is to take what he calls "educational photographs." A woman drawing water from a well amidst a sea of ruins is to Harris "a priceless glimpse of German life under the occupation," irrespective of whether she drew water from the same well before the ruins or not. A throng of children clambering over a tank to Harris represents "the revolt against Nazism," regardless of the propensity of children anywhere to do the same. By the time he has posed his subjects—for he is not one of those photographers who believe in the unobtrusive clicking of the shutter—the whole

thing looks like an advanced case of Fraternization. And it is I of course who have to do most of the posing.

I was relatively relieved, therefore, when yesterday he chose nature study for his subject. Stopping the jeep opposite a high gabled barn he indicated what I took to be a weathercock atop a chimney, with an anti-blast surround of loose faggots.

"A stork's nest!" he cried excitedly. "The first I've ever seen!"

It was no use arguing my belief that storks built their nests in reeds, for at that moment the "weathercock" turned its head and exhibited a large beak in confirmation. It was equally useless to point out that we should be late for lunch: Harris had already driven the jeep into the farmyard and was screwing a filter into his lens. An old and bonneted Mother Hubbard, who approached somewhat fearfully in the supposition that we had come to requisition the farm, went away cackling sinisterly when she heard our real requirements.

"*Heinrich, komm!*" she called to her small grandson, evidently wishing him to have no part in such a venture.

But the sight of two R.A.F. officers about to engage in a storming expedition was too much for Heinrich. Harris had already found a ladder, and as I helped him lay it against the eaves, Heinrich returned, and holding out a couple of eggs, confidentially whispered "*Eier!*"

"*Storch Eier?*" I asked, thinking they were rather small.

"*Nein, Huhn Eier!*"

Evidently such heroes deserved a gift, and remembering the special encouragement to fraternize with very young children, I accepted. Meanwhile even the stork was taking a beady-eyed interest in the proceedings, as Harris, having divested himself of his revolver belt and shoes, reached the ladder's top rung.

"Don't like this much," he called, surveying a red roof that sloped upwards at 45 degrees.

I was hopefully encouraging him to descend, when a rattle of loose tiles consequent on his placing one stockinged foot upon them caused a sudden elongation of about two feet in the neck of mother stork, and a small forest of lesser necks to appear over the edge of the nest.

"I say! There are storklets too!" he cried, immediately forgetting his danger. "This is going to be the picture of a lifetime!"

It was, but not in the sense he meant. Dodging a small Niagara of cascading tiles, I watched him noisily but miraculously gain the summit. I was



"And while you're up there you might take a look at the gutters."



Silence

"Tow 'ee to the village, mister? Can't. Ain't got twelve horses!"

not, however, alone. Harris's operations were taking place in full view of the main road, and were causing a traffic block. As, camera poised, he advanced slowly but triumphantly astride the gable, his progress was being followed by a mixed audience of Tommies, Germans and Displaced Persons, who thronged the gateway in increasing numbers till those in front were pushed well into the yard. I was just thinking that if one had to lose a friend it would be far better to do so in circumstances less prejudicial to the dignity of the R.A.F., when their expressions of mute wonder suddenly turned to excited consternation, and looking up I witnessed what appeared to be the remarkable transformation of Harris into an angel struggling to become airborne on two great white pairs of wings. Then I saw that he was being attacked by not one but two storks. Father stork, returning home with a beakful of lunch, had launched a surprise attack from the rear, while his missis created a diversion from the front. The predicament of Harris was

in fact as unenviable as that of bound Prometheus suffering the attentions of the eagle. What with flapping wings and arms flailing in defence, he was going to lose his balance at any moment.

Clearly the situation called for action. Desperately I looked round at the crowd, but the spectacle of an R.A.F. officer in personal combat with two enemy storks held it rooted to the ground. For the first time since the outbreak of war I drew my revolver, and aiming well away from the contesting parties, fired. The bullet smacked against the roof about half way up, and ricocheted off with a whine. But the effect was instantaneous. Both storks sheered off and began to orbit, and before they could return Harris was slithering down the roof like an electric monkey. Even the audience was galvanized into action: oblivious of the hail of tiles, Tommies, Germans and Displaced Persons competed to move the ladder into the right position to receive his dangling feet.

When Harris had descended, pale-faced but safe, up came Heinrich.

"Feder!" he said, proudly presenting me with a great white plume.

"Huhn Feder?" I asked, thinking it was rather large.

"Nein, Storch Feder!"

Harris halted in his tracks and turned paler still.

"You don't mean to say you actually winged one of the birds?" he stammered.

I made a lightning decision.

"Bit of a risk old boy, I know," I said nonchalantly. "But I had to do something, didn't I? And I did aim to miss you by at least a foot."

As we reached the jeep, Harris was looking a sick man.

"By the way, did you get your picture?" I asked brightly.

"Yes," he replied tonelessly. "But I had forgotten to wind on the film."

o o

"The scattered nature of the country in Burma makes things very difficult."

B.B.C. news broadcast.

Bomb damage?

At the Play

"BIG BOY" (SAVILLE)

THE briskest moment in *Big Boy* is when Mr. RICHARD HEARNE, who is given to these agreeable eccentricities, becomes a mace-bearer, clanking about in armour and using that terrifying spiked club just as we have always hoped to see it used. A hullabaloo follows during which Mr. HEARNE, the *Duchess of Lexe*, and a pair of crooks enjoy all "the rattle of a complicated battle." Aloof from the uproar, Mr. FRED EMNEY, a monocled mammoth, stands unheeding, intoxicated by his own vocal glories as he thunders through a film script. Bodies fall about him, jewels are stolen, Mr. HEARNE becomes a sort of drugged dervish-dancer, and the plot goes up in the happy flare-and-fizz that marks the core of any musical-comedy evening.

Apart from this it may be kinder not to insist upon the beauties of the plot. Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER, Mr. MAX KESTER, and Mr. EMNEY himself have spun a yarn (about a departmental store, a film, and a robbery) which is there only to give Mr. HEARNE and Mr. EMNEY—but particularly the former—a chance to embroider it. The comedians join in frantic partnership. Mr. EMNEY (*Sir Frederick Bolsover*) massively meditates. Mr. HEARNE prefers to twirl and spin in the brand of peripatetic senility that he has made his own. This *Mr. Pastry* is an old, old man, and his hair has gone very grey; and yet he incessantly stands on his head: do we think at his age it's the way? . . . Undoubtedly. May his hair never darken! It is a joy to see the flicker of an indignant moustache as this lively ancient leaps upon a mantelpiece, flourishes his mace, parodies a dance, or does a protean act as shopwalker-cum-liftman-cum-shop-assistant deeply involved with a customer and a baffling bale.

While Mr. EMNEY's monocle glistens and Mr. HEARNE's moustache wavers, the Saville show is very funny indeed. We need more scenes such as that in which *Bolsover* and *Pastry* turn for a

moment or so into a Laocoön group over a desk of telephones. When the comedians are not about the temperature drops, though Miss TRISS HENDERSON has her own appealing wryness, Miss MARGARET HALSTAN is always a presence as a Duchess who assumes a bustling urgency like an angry Tube train entering a station, and Miss CAROL RAYE is a musical-comedy heroine who can sing, dance, and—in her gentle fashion—act.

The music, by Mr. CARROLL GIBBONS, is not especially memorable, but it

PINERO, and on this occasion SHAW is at the foot of the poll. *Getting Married* is probably his least theatrical play. There are two intervals, but there is no reason on earth why the curtain should fall. The action—such as it is—and the talk are continuous, and (certainly an uncommon fault in the Shavian theatre) the talk is dullish. SHAW on marriage found his real form only when he was writing the Preface. In this revival the play, or disquisition, is well spoken, though the *Hotchkiess* lacks the right quality of impudent glitter. The best performances are by the local clergy: Mr. MARK DIGNAM as the *Bishop of Chelsea*, in whose Norman kitchen the argument proceeds, and Mr. MARCUS INSLEY as his chaplain, an acute and vigorous study. Miss OLGA LINDO seems to find the ecstatic *Mayoress* a little trying. She is a frightening personage to be launched at our heads in a last act.

PINERO's drama is in refreshingly theatrical contrast. The dramatist has a story to tell and he tells it. This is another play in which a strong will is everything. When it is assumed that the late *Edward Mortimore* has died intestate and that £170,000 is at stake, his relations, the *Mortimores* of Singlehampton, swoop upon the solicitor in a greedy cloud. Actually, *Phyllis*, wife of the only decent *Mortimore*, *Thaddeus* the struggling music-teacher, had seen the will on the night of the old man's death, and found that all had been left to his illegitimate daughter *Helen*. Impulsively, she

had taken the document and destroyed it, and the thunderbolt is her repentant confession just as the *Mortimores* are preparing to snatch. What follows must be seen upon the stage. PINERO is a majestic technician, and many modern dramatists of the skimble-skamble clan would learn much from him if they would only condescend to try. The Arts has done little better than this. Mr. PETER STREULI is the producer; Miss DOROTHY REYNOLDS, Miss MARGARET VINES, Mr. DIGNAM, and Mr. JULIAN D'ALBIE are all accurately cast, and Mr. ROY MALCOLM holds our affection as *Thaddeus*.

J. C. T.



THE SALESMAN IS ALWAYS WRONG

Mr. Pastry Mr. RICHARD HEARNE
Customer Miss ETHEL EDWARDS
(Inset) Sir Frederick Bolsover Mr. FRED EMNEY

serves. Most people will be content while HEARNE and EMNEY are in play. Can you imagine an elderly goldfish that contrives somehow to swim airily round and round *outside* its bowl? Difficult, I admit; but if you do your best and cast HEARNE for the goldfish and EMNEY for the bowl, you may have some vague idea of these delirious conspirators.

J. C. T.

"GETTING MARRIED" (ARTS)
"THE THUNDERBOLT" (ARTS)

The Arts Theatre has begun its second Festival of English Drama with two plays of the same year, 1908. One, the better-known, is by SHAW, one by

Economic Slang—A Glossary

FOR New Readers: Tony Schmilz, a young statistician who has been invalided out of the Board of Trade, is evolving an important new index of wholesale prices. One night he is set upon by representatives of the Ackroyd Research Organization and taken to the derelict crofter's hut mentioned by E. S. Stephens in his *Know Your Own Car*. There they try to browbeat him into revealing his secret. Tony's stubbornness only makes his captors more desperate. One day the door of his makeshift cell is thrown violently open to admit a girl of some twenty-two years, perhaps. Tony instantly recognizes her as his sister, Marinda S. Schmilz. Now read on. Episode XI—The Stolen Graph-paper . . .

This week, readers, I want to pause in my narrative to take stock. As you know, I had originally intended this series to be completed in about seventy-six fortnightly parts. But I find myself sadly out in my reckoning. I have discovered that a new piece of economic slang is born, on the average, every thirty-six minutes. Thus, in theory at least, the glossary could go on for ever.

I have set my face against this course. In future I shall confine my attention to slang that has stood the test of time and has the approval of a select committee of housewives, middlemen and chartered accountants. Come early next week to avoid disappointment. I shall then deal with:

Prior Lien Debentures
Tale Quale
Sliding Partners
Sleeping Scales

Try them yourselves and check your answers with next week's results.

Meanwhile, friends, since the glossary is at the half-way stage, may I reproduce a few of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials that have been received?

Miss Monica Happle: "Do, please, carry on with your glossary. I find it so encouraging. I am oval-faced and have slightly pointed chins. Should I use a lip-rouge darker than my hair or vice versa?"

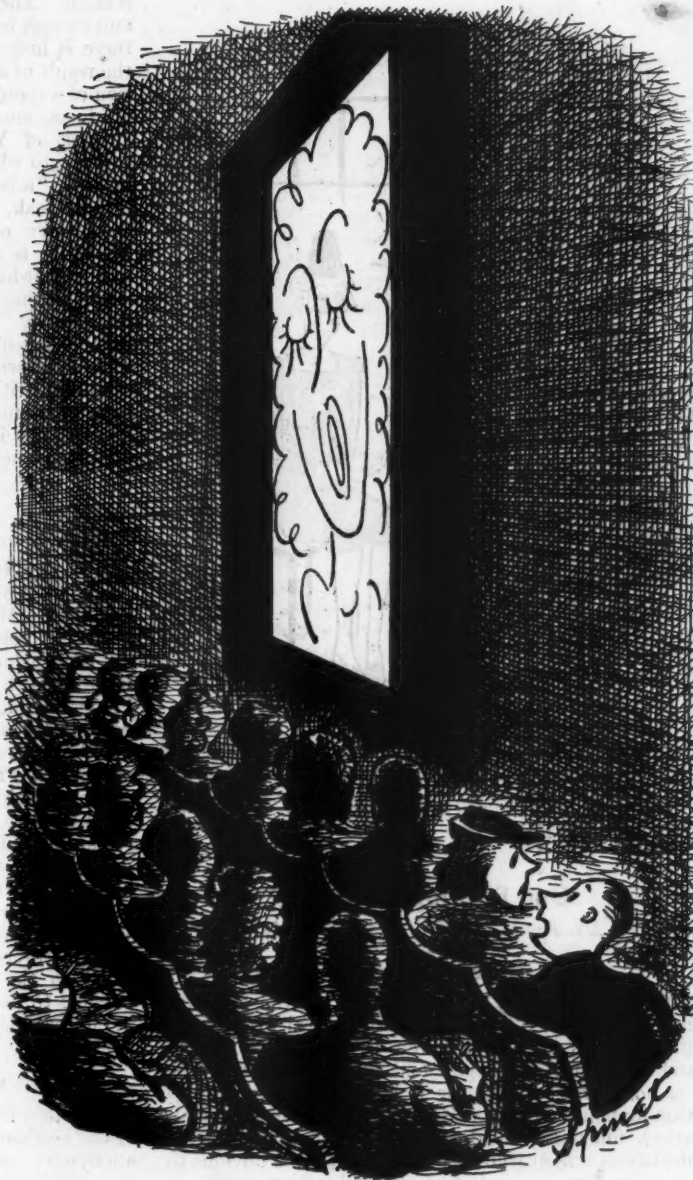
Mr. Wilson Durog: "Your glossary makes economics available for the first time to all but the very poorest. Please accept the grateful thanks of one who is destitute."

Mr. Prentice Curwall: "Surely you are wrong in stating that the concept

of Consumer Surplus was popularized by Grogg? I should have thought Blitt or Schumpenfelt much nearer the mark. Apart from this one small point of criticism, I think your glossary admirably brief."

Mr. Alwin Nodder: "I cannot agree with you that political economy needs must be a dismal science."

HOB.



"Excuse me, madam, but would you mind removing your hat?"

Oh

Word- (and bracket-) perfect copy of notice
in bathroom of a Southport private hotel:

"BATHS
MAY BE HAD
(BY ARRANGEMENT)
WITH THE MANAGERESS
ONLY"



"Let me see, what did your husband do in the last peace, Mrs. Wilmott?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Herbert Read

IN *A Coat of Many Colours* (ROUTLEDGE, 8/6) Mr. HERBERT READ has collected from his critical work of the last fifteen years more than seventy essays, dealing with art and literature, philosophy and political theory. The title is not a happy one, for it suggests a variety and abandon foreign to Mr. READ's firm and even temperament. A patient unflinching lucidity is his chief characteristic, the lucidity of a man who suspects that what is obvious to him may require a good deal of explanation before it ceases to be obscure to others. He is indeed, both in his merits and in his limitations, the exact opposite of Professor Saintsbury, whose gusto he deprecates. "If gusto," he writes, "were a virtue in a critic (instead of being, on the whole, a disadvantage: it usually implies a lack of discrimination) Saintsbury's numerous prefaces and essays would be good criticism." Enjoyment, he continues, is only of value to the critic if he can be sure that he has good grounds for enjoyment, if his enjoyment invariably leads him to the best. Does Mr. READ suppose Professor Saintsbury thought that he had poor grounds for enjoyment, and that his enjoyment usually led him to the worst? The chief distinction between a critic with gusto, like Professor Saintsbury, and a critic without gusto, like Mr. READ, is that where there is gusto enjoyment comes

first, and where there is no gusto it comes a bad second, if at all. There is not much glow in Mr. READ's judgments, and though he is often emphatic, both in praise and blame, there is little warmth in his emphasis, which seems to be the result of an intellectual process rather than the expression of a spontaneous intuition. Nevertheless, this method produces much that is interesting and suggestive. His analysis of Yeats in his last phase is excellent. The pruning to which Yeats subjected his later verse produced, he says, "a larger fruit, a clearer thought; but the effect is rather bleak, the prose of a scientific culture rather than the poetry of natural growth." His analysis of T. E. Lawrence is also perceptive—"He was not an artist by nature, but had a sick longing to be one. The *Seven Pillars* is a straining after this aesthetic grace, and is an artificial monstrosity." On Wordsworth, however, he continues to be over-ingenious, reviving and amplifying his old theory that Wordsworth's poetic collapse was due to remorse over his affair with Annette Vallon, an episode which differs from the numerous other examples of Wordsworth's egotism not in spiritual significance but only in exterior picturesqueness.

H. K.

Craftsman's Glory

When the Elizabethan Harrison praised English carpenters as "worthilie preferred" above all others he praised by implication those *British Furniture Makers* (COLLINS, 4/6) of whom the craftsman in English wood is the chief. Mr. JOHN GLOAG's text to a new "Britain in Pictures" volume is of outstanding value because it points out that fashion is not civilization—far otherwise; and that when wealth has outstripped education one gets the "gingerbread, filigrairie and fan-painting" which Walpole very justly attributed to Robert Adam. Unluckily the book's illustrations have been more lavish with examples of vulgarity and preciosity than with pieces of the oak, elm and walnut ages that were really England: perhaps because when the lordly designer and subordinate workman replaced the head and hand of the craftsman, illustrations in the shape of working drawings naturally became available. Mr. GLOAG skips the commercial age of Victoria altogether, to bob up again like an underground river with William Morris and his successors. He soundly counsels manufacturers to stick to plastics and chromium and leave wood to the craftsmen. One may add that it is still possible to find a country undertaker who will make you, in elm or oak, at a reasonable rate, any piece of furniture you like.

H. P. E.

Wisdom with Understanding

A certain trace of exuberant self-satisfaction in the style of the academic gentleman who revels in the success of his anonymity as BRUCE TRUSCOT should not prevent one from realizing the genuine value of his second study in present-day educational problems, any more than the horrible banality of such fake names as Drabtown, Harchester and Oxbridge should make one refuse point-blank to follow his argument. As in *Redbrick University* so now in *Redbrick and These Vital Days* (FABER, 10/6) he is concerned to find a true balance between progress and stability, between the new universities in industrial areas and the ancient seats of learning, between the boy with brains and the boy with a background. He deplores the dearth of recruits and the drift away from research in the realm of the humanities and fairly chases with a pin those "lazy leopards who will not change their spots" but sit for life in comfortable professorial chairs of the faculty of arts recovering for thirty weeks in the year from the excessive labour of working ten hours a week for the remainder, an

attitude, the scientist might think, that affords a curious commentary on the assumption, which to the writer is self-evident, that only in non-technical study is to be acquired a true sense of values and a power rightly to make decisions. He has, inevitably perhaps, proposals to make about the future of the public schools and practical remedies for abuses, failures, incompleteness at all our universities. He has plans for spending money. His book is by no means intended only for the educational specialist. C. C. P.

Thesaurus of Agriculture

It is a great deal to ask of those who know more and more about less and less that they should cast a comprehensive eye on the chain of causes that lead up to good living and keep them all in mind at the same time. Yet it is because Sir ALBERT HOWARD, starting, he admits, as a laboratory specialist himself, has given a lifetime's consideration to soil, plant, animal and man in their natural relations, that *Farming and Gardening for Health or Disease* (FABER, 12/6) is the masterpiece of inspiration and sound guidance it is. It is not a tidy book. You might as well expect to produce a tidy account of Europe while Dunkirk was falling as tabulate the recent constructive work of soil pioneers and the destructive work of their opposite numbers. But there is more of both—from personal observation, friendly co-operation and "enemy action"—here than you will get in any one volume of the same size. It seems agreed that we need a fresh basis for civilization. Exploitation of the earth and of each other has not proved a striking success. And we might start by tuning up agricultural practice; because the soil, whether we like it or not, is the foundation of security and health. H. P. E.

The Andean Republics

Miss LILO LINKE was born in Berlin, and left Germany when the Nazis came to power. After travelling in Turkey and sharing the struggles of other German exiles in Paris, she left for South America three months before the war, and is still there. *Andean Adventure: A Social and Political Study of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia* (HUTCHINSON, 21/-), is the fruit of this stay. As a rule, with a few flagrant exceptions, women are more detached and more perceptive as reporters than men. Miss LINKE makes no attempt to dramatize herself, she is a keen and sympathetic observer, and the result is a living picture of the Andean Republics and their peoples. The general impression is a melancholy one. In Bogota, for example, health is as common a topic as the weather in England; and "no Bogotano would ever admit that he was feeling better than 'regular,'" by which he means far from well. Miss LINKE gives various reasons for this melancholy. There is the conflict between the Indians and the white men ("More than half the population is in all but name still the slave of the rest"); the listlessness induced by the tropics; the difficulties of road building and agriculture in the evergreen growth of the jungle; the alternation, in political life, of apathy and outbursts of violence. The book ends on a question. The Latin-Americans, Miss LINKE says, know that their personality has not yet found its shape, and they are doubtful whether the influence of the United States, immensely increased during the war, will be a help or a hindrance towards this end. H. K.

A Child in Spain

Other people's childhood is like other people's dreams—not a patch on one's own. All the more honour, then, to

Mr. RAMON J. SENDER for what he has done in his new book. For he describes a childhood in provincial Spain, far away and long ago, that has the essentials of childhood as a child knows it, not merely as an adult cares to remember it. In *Chronicle of Dawn* (CAPE, 7/6) he brings out the innocent and tremendous self-importance of the young boy who has as yet no conception of failure, who is the centre of an engrossing world, real as well as fancied, and who foresees life as a series of triumphs in self-realization. The attribution of these notes to a political prisoner dying in a concentration camp introduces the one note of pathos. The recollections themselves are full of the proper self-confidence. And as a childhood it must have been superb. One was in love, at the age of ten when love is really important; one scribbled epics on the roof; one lorded it over the town boys; one camped out in a ruined castle in which was found, while one was actually present, a warren of secret passages. Few can remember or imagine a childhood so full, so absorbing, and so poetical as this. J. S.

Horse-Sense

Miss MARY O'HARA has accomplished successfully one of the most difficult things that any author can attempt. In *Thunderhead* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 9/-) she has told the story of a horse, and a boy's love for it, without sentimentality or brutality or heart-break. The foal, an ugly white throw-back, is born on a ranch in Wyoming, and is given to the owner's boy, Ken, who decides to train him for racing and win back the family luck. The colt develops a habit of straying and, on one of his expeditions into the mountains, he meets his great-grandsire, an almost legendary Albino stallion. By a fluke, *Thunderhead* himself escapes gelding, and one of the finest chapters in a very fine book describes the great fight between him and his ancestor. There are two other outstanding pieces of writing—one tells of Ken's fight with an eagle, and the other his ride on the stallion during his triumphant rounding up of mares. It is difficult to think how the book could have been better: there is no sense of crowding and yet we make many friends among animals and people. Miss O'HARA avoids all the pitfalls, not even yielding to the temptation to let *Thunderhead* win in the end. B. E. B.



"What do you mean—you CAN'T bring him inside?"



"By the way, what's the local rule about minefields?"

Transition Period

THE earnest young man whose name I had heard as Fishcake was standing at the nearest civilian approach to the Attention position. I kept him waiting for a moment while I finished the page, then replaced the heavy volume under the telephone directories and looked up briskly. "Well?" I said.

"As I shall be taking over from you," said Fishcake, his eyes swimming gently behind their strong lenses, like strange blue fish in a bowl—"I wondered whether you would perhaps give me some idea of a day's routine?"

I placed my finger-tips together and leaned back.

"What day?" I said.

The young man appeared confused. "I suppose any day," he said. "If you would be so kind. . . I'm terribly keen to make a good job of it. . ."

"I'm very glad to hear that. Move the firewatcher's helmet and sit down."

"Thank you," he said—"but I find I can concentrate better standing."

I put on my heavy shell spectacles.

"The Department isn't what it was," I began, "now that the War is over." I rearranged the two teacups on my blotter and brushed away a few crumbs. "You're coming in at a rather slack period. But I think to-day has been a fairly representative one, and I shall be pleased to run over its main points."

"I should be very much obliged, indeed. I'm so terribly—"

"Not at all. Now, I arrived at nine-thirty exactly, and said 'Good morning' to the cleaners. At nine-forty-five Whipson came down from Correspondence to ask my advice on lengthening his aerial to eliminate interference on the Light Programme. Are you interested in radio at all? Well, never mind. While we were discussing this, Briggs rang up and asked for Whipson, with whom he had a long conversation

which began with a metal uniform-case which had arrived in the building addressed to a Wing-Commander Sprocket—No, I wouldn't trouble to take any notes—and ended with free theatre-tickets.

"Dalby came in at this time and sat on the corner of my desk, here"—I patted the desk, and Fishcake gave it a keen glance—"whistling 'The White Cliffs of Dover'—do you know the song? No, well, it's unimportant—and changing the tops round on my ink-wells. When Whipson rang off, Dalby said that if either of us wanted any pears, he could obtain them at tenpence a pound instead of the controlled price of one and a penny. Dalby said he would prefer tomatoes, and went off with Whipson talking about glass-houses."

I paused and took off my glasses. "Are you a gardener?"

"No—a Lower Clerical Officer."

"I see. Well, never mind. The

messenger then brought my first cup of tea, in that cup"—Fishcake appraised the cup—"and I had the usual wrangle with him about the tea-subscription. That brings us to about a quarter past ten.

"At eleven my typist came in and asked if I had any letters. I had not. She then revealed to me that she had been to see Bob Hope the night before, had broken her engagement—not, necessarily, as a corollary—and that her brother was being released from the Navy at the end of the month. I asked her to get me some coffee when she went out to lunch. You drink coffee, I take it?

"Savidge came in at twelve-twenty, approximately, and said that he had been thinking, apropos of nothing at all, of a game he used to play with a friend when they were students together in London. They used to ride about, it appeared, on the open-topped buses, and Savidge would point out, say, the Albert Memorial, and inform his friend loudly that it was the Nelson

Monument. If none of the other passengers spoke up and corrected him the score was fifteen-love against his friend. I suppose you have never played the game?"

"Er—no," said Fishcake. He was looking pale, I noticed, and yet there was a faint moistness visible on his alabaster brow.

"Neither have I," I said—"but I laughed over it with Savidge, who further informed me that he was moving into a caravan and would have a suite of bedroom furniture to spare if I knew of anybody who wanted one, and then, having asked me the time, hurried out. I presently saw him from this window, crossing to 'The White Swan.' Do you drink at all?"

"M-minerals."

"Ah, very wise. As it was now twelve-thirty I thought I would clear up one or two odds and ends before going to lunch, and I telephoned my wife, my dentist, my brother-in-law, the builders and the man who gets me black-market weed-killer. For lunch

at Tiler's, just round the corner, I had stewed lamb, which always seems to be garnished liberally with catapult-elastic, and a glass of dark beer which I suspect to have been draught cascara. I mention this in passing; lunching at Tiler's can only affect your Departmental work indirectly.

"So that was the morning disposed of. I hope you are able to follow without difficulty?"

"Well, I—"

"Good. When I came back at two o'clock, Dalby was sitting on my desk again, whistling 'Bell-bottom trousers,' and drawing tents with flags sticking out of the top, on my blotter. He asked if I could lend him a carrier suitable for transporting a stone and a half of pears; I regretted I could not, but referred him to Frampton who came in at that moment and tried to interest us in an Annual Re-union Dinner Club for ex-members of the Department, but finding us apathetic asked if he might ring up his butcher on my telephone. When I asked why



"Hi! Let me out—I've already had three dinners."

he did not use the telephone in his own room he replied that Glassbaum was using it to ring up his Estate Agents." I shook a cautionary finger. "Glassbaum's Estate Agents of course."

Fishcake nodded and moistened his lips.

"During the next hour several minor matters came up. Hodgson came in to borrow some lighter-fuel, my typist came in with a quarter of a pound of coffee, warning me that it might be Turkish, the messenger brought me a clean towel and took away the dirty one, Whipson rang up to ask if I wanted to buy a pair of leopard-skin slippers which had been sent him from Khartoum and were too big even for his wife—"

"Too big? Don't you mean—?"

"Too big even for his wife. And three men came to let the air out of the radiators. At a quarter to four my second cup of tea arrived, and my typist signalled my window from the street asking if I wanted any cakes bringing from the tea-shop, unfortunately giving the impression to the general public that she was blowing me kisses.

"At half-past four a man calling himself Colonel Arkenshaw rang up, asking to speak to the Head of Branch; when I said that he was taking an old

VE Day that he had almost overlooked, the Colonel asked me to tell him that Charlie had telephoned about his fire insurance premium, and that he would be writing. I told him not to forget the 'O.B.E.' in the address. My typist then came in with a cocoa-covered bun containing a volatile white chemical and said that if I still had no letters for her she would like to go and see James Cagney. I said I had none, and she went. Do you go to the cinema at all?"

He shook his head. He was looking beyond me at a colour-photograph of a reaping-machine.

"At a quarter-past five Savidge ran past my door shouting that Mr. Chiffonier, the Assistant Head of Branch, had gone home, and that he (Savidge) would see me in the morning, as he had got through the thick of his work; and at half-past the messenger brought my evening paper."

I made as if to take off my spectacles, but finding them off already I put them on instead.

"And that," I said, "was where you came in."

He said nothing. Perhaps I had given him too much at one mouthful.

"You'll soon get into it," I said, kindly.

His eyes swam like mad. When he

could speak he said "There are one or two g-gaps in your times. If you'll forgive me—what happened, for instance, between a quarter past ten and eleven o'clock, and between the men letting the air out of the radiators and your second cup of tea? I do so want to—"

I took up the heavy volume from the corner and banged it loudly on the desk. I rose to my feet.

"During those periods," I said sternly, "I was not idle."

"No, no," said Fishcake—if that could possibly have been his name—"Please, I was not suggesting—!"

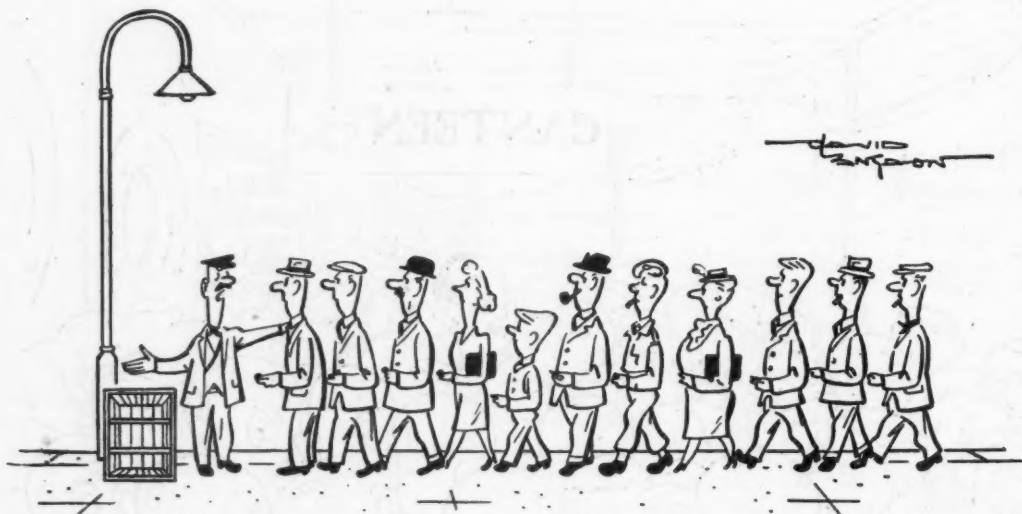
"During those periods," I said, brandishing the book at him so that he fell back and allowed me room to pass—"I have read one hundred and fifteen pages of 'Oliver Twist'!"

And I sprinted for the stairs, quite forgetting to ask whether he cared for reading. I have a feeling that he would. If not, he will soon learn: he is so terribly keen.

J. B. B.

Impartiality

"L. F. Easterbrook, News Chronicle Agricultural Correspondent, a Devonian living in Sussex, declared on Monday that Essex is the most beautiful county in Britain."—*News Chronicle*.



"Sorry, no papers. Pass along quickly, please."

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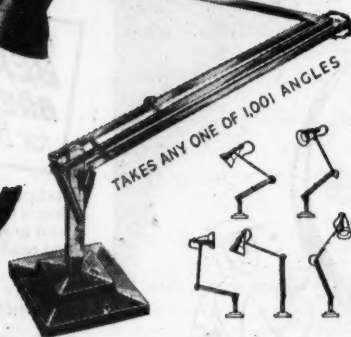
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an Anglepoise"*

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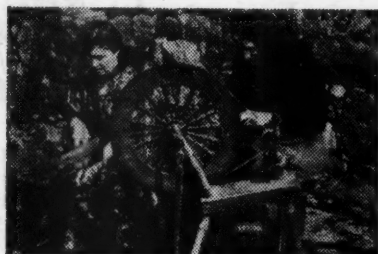
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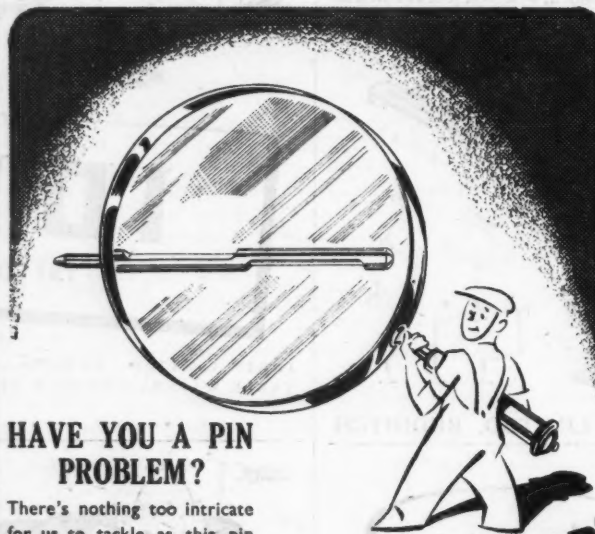
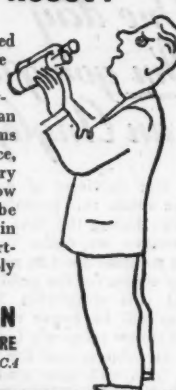
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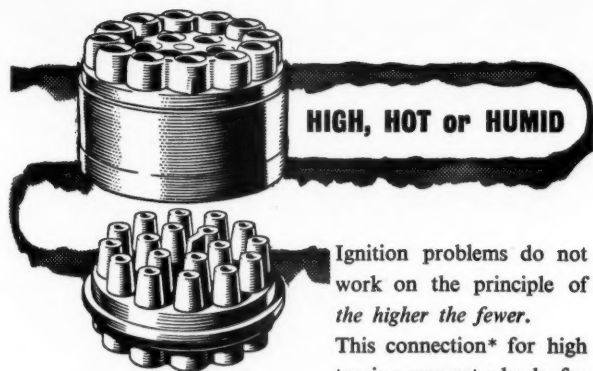
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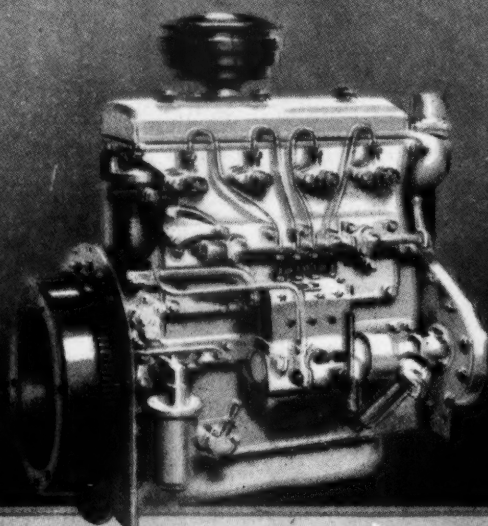
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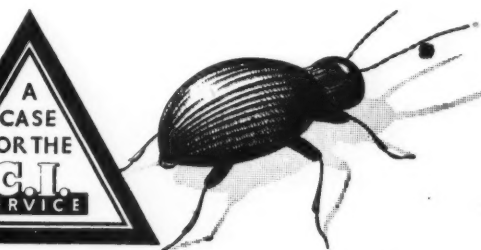
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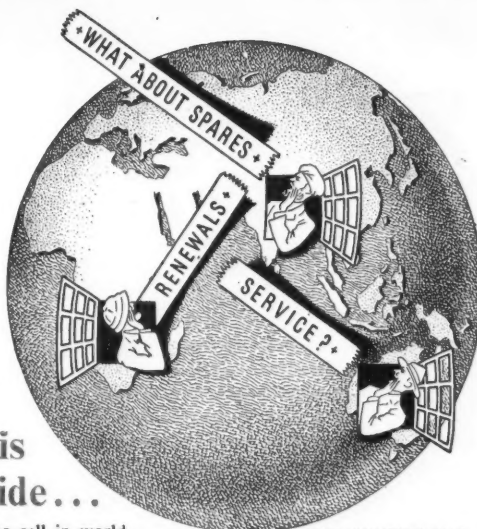
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